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some removal will admit. Mrs. A—— desires her particular regards to your lady and yourself.

What, my old friend, is this world about to become? Is the millenium commencing? Are the kingdoms of it about to be governed by reason? Your Boston town-meetings, and our Harvard College, have set the universe in motion. Every thing will be pulled down. So much seems certain—but what will be built up. Are there any principles of political architecture? What are they? Were Voltaire and Rousseau masters of them? Are their disciples acquainted with them? Locke taught them principles of liberty, but I doubt very much whether they have not yet to learn the principles of government. *Will the struggle in Europe be any thing more than a change of impostors and impositions?*

With great esteem and sincere affection, I am, my dear Sir, your friend and servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

Extracts from Chateaubriand's Recollections, a work recently published.

“I have still a recollection of the happiness which I experienced during a night passed amidst dreary deserts, when my wood fire was half extinguished, my guide asleep, and my horses grazing at a distance.—I have still a recollection, I say, of the happiness which I experienced when I heard the mingled melody of the winds and waters, as I reclined upon the earth, deep in the bosom of the forest.

“These murmurs, at one time feeble, at another more loud, increasing and decreasing every instant, made me occasionally start; and every tree was to me a sort of lyre, from which the winds extracted strains conveying ineffable delight.

“At the present day I perceive that I am less sensible to these charms of nature, and I doubt whether the cataract of Niagara would cause the same degree of admiration in my mind, which it formerly inspired.

“When one is very young, nature is eloquent in silence, because there is a superabundance in the heart of man. All his futurity is before him (if my Aristarchus will allow

me to use this expression) he hopes to impart his sensations to the world, and feeds himself with a thousand chimeras; but at a more advanced age, when the prospect, which we had before us, passes into the rear, and we are undeceived as to a host of illusions, then nature, left to herself, becomes colder and less eloquent, '*Les jardins parlent peu.*' To interest us at this period of life, it is necessary that we have the additional pleasure of society, for we are become less satisfied with ourselves.

"This passage reminds me, that one night, when I was lying in a cottage, during my American travels, I heard an extraordinary sort of murmur from a neighbouring lake. Conceiving this noise to be the fore-runner of a storm, I went out of the hut to survey the heavens. Never did I see a more beautiful night, or one in which the atmosphere was purer. The lake's expanse was tranquil, and reflected the light of the moon, which shone on the projecting points of the mountains, and the forests of the desert. An Indian canoe was traversing the waves in silence. The noise which I heard, proceeded from the flood tide of the lake, which was beginning, and which sounded like a sort of groaning as it rose among the rocks. I had left the hut with an idea of a tempest,—let any one judge of the impression, which this calm and serene picture must have made upon me;—it was like an enchantment.

"When I was at the Cataract of Niagara, the Indian ladder being broken, which had been there, I wished, in spite of my guide's representations, to descend to the bottom of the fall by means of a rock, the craggy points of which projected; it was about two hundred feet high, and I made the attempt, in spite of the roaring cataract, and frightful abyss, which gaped beneath me; my head did not swim, and I descended about forty feet; but here the rock became smooth and vertical, nor were there any longer roots or fissures for my feet to rest upon. I remained hanging all my length by my hands, neither able to reascend nor proceed, feeling my fingers open by degrees from the weight of my body, and considering death inevitable. There are few men who have, in the course of their lives, passed two such minutes, as I experienced over the yawning horrors of Niagara. My hands at length opened, and I fell; by most extraordinary good fortune, I alighted on the naked rock. It was hard enough to have dashed me

in pieces, and yet I did not feel much injured. I was within half an inch of the abyss, yet I had not rolled into it; but when the cold water began to penetrate to my skin, I perceived that I had not escaped so easily as I first imagined. I felt an insupportable pain in my left arm; I had broken it above the elbow. My guide, who observed me from above, and to whom I made signs, ran to look for some savages, who with much trouble drew me up with birch cords, and carried me to their habitations.

“This was not the only risk I ran at the Niagara; on arriving at the Cataract, I alighted, and fastened my horse’s bridle round my arm. As I leaned forward to look down, a rattle snake moved in the neighbouring bushes. The horse took fright, reared on his hind legs, and approached the edge of the precipice; I could not disengage my arm from the bridle, and the animal with increasing alarm drew me after him. His feet were already on the point of slipping over the brink of the gulph, and he was kept from destruction by nothing but the reins. My doom seemed to be fixed, when the animal, astonished at the new dangers which he all at once perceived, made a final effort, and sprung ten feet from the edge of the precipice.”

“Let us now examine the accusations urged against *men of letters*, most of which appear to me unfounded; mediocrity often consoles itself by the calumny. It is urged, that *men of letters are not fit for the transactions of business*. Strange idea! that the genius requisite to produce the Spirit of Laws, was not sufficient to conduct the office of a minister. What! cannot those who sound so ably the depths of the human heart, unravel the intrigues arising from the passions around them? The more we know men, the less are we to be considered capable of governing them?—but this is a sophism which all experience contradicts. The two greatest statesmen of antiquity, Demosthenes, and still more Cicero, were *men of letters* in the most rigid sense of the term. Never, perhaps, did a finer literary genius than Caesar exist, and it appears that this descendant of Anchises and Venus, understood tolerably well how to conduct business. We may cite in England, Sir Thomas More, Lords Clarendon, Bacon, and Bolingbroke; in France, M. M. de l’Hopital, Lamoignon, d’Aguesseau, Malessierbes, and the greater part of those ministers who have been furnished by the church.—Nothing could persuade me that Bossuet’s was not a head capable

of conducting a kingdom, nor that the severe and judicious Boileau would not have made an excellent administrator.”

[The foundation of a splendid edifice, destined as a College for the London Institution, has recently been laid in Moorfields. On this occasion an entertainment was given, and the following address delivered to the company by Mr. Butler. As some of its remarks will apply to this country, we have selected it for that reason, in addition to its intrinsic merit.]

My Lord Mayor, My Lord Carrington, President of the London Institution, and
Gentlemen:

The Board of Managers of the London Institution, having desired me, on your return from the ceremony which you have just witnessed, to address to you some words on the advantages which Science and Commerce derive from each other, I have to request your attention for a few minutes, to what I shall offer to your consideration on this subject. But I beg leave to premise what I shall say upon it, by a short account of the formation of the Institution, and the views of those with whom the design of it originated.

About ten years ago, some Gentlemen of a high rank in commerce, and distinguished by their enlarged and cultivated understandings, projected the Institution, on whose account you have this day been convened.

Considering the mercantile eminence of their country, persuaded that whatever increases the splendour, increases equally the strength and activity of commerce, and contemplating the example of almost every other European nation, they thought it due to the dignity and glory of the Empire, that her commercial metropolis should be graced by a Literary and Scientific Institution, on a liberal and extensive plan. They judged that such an establishment would bring Science and Commerce into contact, and that by their approximation, each would draw forth and invigorate whatever there might be of latent energy or power in the other.

Under this impression, they submitted their views to the consideration of their fellow citizens, and solicited the co-operation of their munificence. The design was uni-

versally approved, and a subscription of above 70,000*l.* immediately raised, within the walls of the city of London and her commercial environs. The portion of land which has just been honoured with your presence, was purchased from the Corporation of the City of London, with the view of erecting upon it a suitable building, adapted to the purpose of the Institution. I am authorized to add, that the Gentlemen who treated with the Corporation for the purchase of it, speak in high terms of the liberality of their proceedings.

Presuming on this liberality, and addressing myself to it, may I, an unauthorized individual, intimate an humble wish (but a wish generally entertained,) that some arrangement may be made with the Corporation of the city of London, by which the Gresham Lecture shall be attached to the London Institution; and, in conformity to Sir Thomson Gresham's wise and beneficial intentions, thus made really and actively conducive to the general diffusion of science and Literature. This must be the wish of every one to whom these are dear, or who reverences the memory of the venerable founder of the lectures, or feels the respect always due to the ashes, which still speak, of the illustrious dead.

That the *union of Science and Commerce* produces publick and individual happiness, and elevates in the rank of nations the countries that are blessed with them, would, if it required proof, be better shewn by history than by argument.

The spacious provinces which now compose the Ottoman Empire, were once the seat of Commerce. Then they were dignified by wisdom and valour, and for a long time, were the fairest portion of the Christian world. Of their Science and Commerce they were deprived by their invaders, and, in consequence, they sunk into a state of abject misery, which no tongue can adequately describe. Large territories dispeopled, goodly cities made desolate, sumptuous buildings became ruins, glorious temples subverted or prostituted, true religion discountenanced and oppressed, all nobility extinguished, violence and rapine exulting over all, and leaving no security except to abject minds and unlooked for poverty. Such is the state of the country, which hath lost her Commerce and Science. Would you behold a country in full possession of them.

Contemplate your own! The number and magnificence of her cities, the high state of her agriculture, the activity of her manufactures, the easy intercourse between one part of the nation, however distant, and every other, her grand foundations both for learning and charity, the graceful dignity and conciliating ease of high life, the countless deficiencies of the middle ranks, the cheerful industry of the lower, the general veneration for the Constitution, the general obedience to law, the general devotion to their country; such is England! If it be inquired, by what means she hath attained this height of glory and prosperity—much, it must be answered, is owing to that happy union of Science and Commerce, for which in every part of her history she has been eminently distinguished.

Now, Science and Commerce are mutually dependant. Each assists the other, and each receives from the other a liberal return.

That *the commercial success of a nation tends directly to promote Literature, the Sciences, and the Arts*, admits of no doubt. On this part of my subject, I shall do little more than appeal to your own observations. In the course of the last summer, many of my hearers have visited the scene of the most glorious and eventful battle that modern history has to record. I request them to recollect the long line of magnificent towns in Belgium, through which they passed in their road to that memorable spot, or on their return, the numerous publick edifices of exquisite and costly architecture which they observed in them, and the numberless paintings and works in marble, gold, silver, iron, and bronze, with which these abound. I beg them to recollect, that during two hundred years, all these cities have been in a state of decline. They may then judge what they were in the day of their prosperity. Now every thing I have mentioned was raised or collected by the fostering hand of commerce. For, before the imprudent conduct of the Dukes of Burgundy drove commerce to Amsterdam, the Netherlands were her favourite seat; and all these monuments of Art and Science owed their existence to the commercial acquisitions and well directed munificence of the Burghers of Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels and Louvaine. The Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, which adorn the cities between the Alps and Upper Italy, equally owe their existence to the Burghers

of Lombardy. Had it not been for Commerce, Venice would never have had the School of Painting for which she is so illustrious. Had not the family of Medici, afterwards allied to so many royal houses, and the parent of so many sovereign Princes, been successful merchants, half, perhaps, of the precious remains of antiquity which we now possess, would not have reached us. Far be it from us to deny or undervalue the obligations, which Learning and Science, owe the monarchs of the earth, or to the ranks which immediately approach them. To these much, very much, do Learning and Science owe; but were they not themselves continually enriched by the commercial part of the community, scanty indeed would be their means of remunerating, or encouraging either the Artist or the Scholar.

On the other hand, *Science has ever been auxiliary to Commerce*. Not a step can Commerce safely take, either in her most simple or her most complex operations, unless the Sciences of Numbers and Measure attend her. Nor should it be forgotten that many even of those rules,

“Which boys can read, and girls can understand,”

are the result of most profound and laborious investigation, and that the midnight lamp has, over and over again, been lighted to the scientifick men by whom they were discovered.

To Navigation, Commerce almost wholly owes her existence. From the felling of the tree to the launch of the ship, and from the launch of the ship to her arrival in port, every thing now appears to be reduced to rule, and the rules appear so simple in their theory and so easy in their application, that they seem to be carried into effect by a kind of intuitive readiness, and a process almost mechanical. But to form these rules, apparently so simple and so easy, the minds of scientifick men had been employed for ages on the most extensive and abstruse researches. It is literally true that, in the circles of Art and Science, there is scarcely one which has not been brought into the service of the ship-builder, or of the mariner. In those lines of Trade and Commerce which are employed on the metallick productions, or forming or compounding colours, there scarcely is a process which the workman does not owe to Chemistry, and which it did not cost the Chemist the toil of years to discover. When the drainer of a marsh uses his spiral screw,

he avails himself, of a process, the discovery of which was thought to do honour to one of the most renowned of the ancient Mathematicians. When the land surveyor measures a field, he does it by rules laid down in a small Greek book, which appeared two hundred and forty years before Christ. To come to our own country, and nearer to our own time, the steam Engine, now applied to so many useful purposes, and every day discovering new powers, was one of the inventions which, in the reign of Charles the First, employed the learned leisure of the Marquis of Worcester. To the divine mind of Sir Isaac Newton we principally owe the quadrant, which, with Hadley's name, is now in the hands of every mariner.

But to prove the general utility of Science to Commerce, it is unnecessary to travel back to the ancient history of other countries, or to the former history of our own. At the instant I am speaking, Science is advancing towards us with an invention, which, to the latest period, will prove incalculably beneficial to humanity in general, and to Commerce in particular. You have frequently read in your newspapers of the horrid effects of the firing of a mine. A very recent paper has given an account of such a disaster. Now within these few weeks, one of those men, the *homines centenarii*, Scalliger called them, who exist but one in a century, men who elevate the country in which they are born, and even the age in which they live, our illustrious countryman, Sir Humphrey Davy, has discovered a process, by which this evil principle in nature is absolutely subdued, and all possibility of danger from it is altogether removed.

A stronger proof of the utility of Science cannot be required. Now, perhaps, among those who frequent or who may soon frequent your library, or your chambers of experiment, there may be some whose bosoms are pregnant with celestial fire, and who only want the facilities of acquiring knowledge, which these means afford, to become, like that great man, leaders in Science and Benefactors to humanity, but who, without these, would live and die unknown and unknown. What a satisfaction it must be to the friends of the London Institution, to call forth the energies of such a man!

Thus in every age has Science been subservient to Commerce. When they are separated, Science loses all her utility; Commerce all her dignity. When they

are united, each grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of the other, and their powers appear unlimited. They ascend the Heavens, they delve the depths of the earth, and fill every climate that encourages them, with Industry, Energy, Wealth, Honour, and Happiness.

These being the happy effects of their union, must it not be the desire of all who wish well to either, and of all true and enlightened friends of their country, that every measure should be adopted, by which it can be cemented and invigorated? Permit me to add, that should science ever be neglected in this country, while encouraged by others, the Commercial part of the community would, in all probability, suffer soonest and most from the consequences.

In a conversation which a very inveterate and acute, and once powerful enemy of England, held with a friend of mine at Elba, he spoke of her in terms of respect, and even admiration; but said, "the term of the transcendant glory of England must now approach near its end. Years ago she took a spring, and left the nations of the earth at a distance behind her; they will soon take the spring, and, not having your burthens on Commerce and Arts, they will pass you." Vain be the augury! We trust, and we feel it will. But were there the slightest grounds for it, one powerful means of defeating it would most assuredly be, to promote the union of Science and Commerce; to stimulate Science to every exertion likely to prove serviceable to the Commercial Interests of the community; to furnish Commerce with the means of affording to Science and her followers, every facility of research and experiment; to invite Science within your walls, and to establish on a wise, and enlarged, and a dignified plan, on a plan suited to the high character of a British merchant, such Institutions as that which the ceremony of this day has placed under the protection of the City of London, and her opulent, honourable, and discerning sons.

FROM AN ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

Miss O'Neill.

Miss O'Neill may be said to have been educated, not only for, but on the stage, having come out at the age of

twelve years, at the Drogheda Theatre, of which her father was manager. Though so young, she exhibited great capability, and was very soon in possession of the most important parts, both in comedy and tragedy. The more northern theatres were at that time, under separate management, being directed by Mr. Talbot, who, we believe, performed some nights, a few years since, on the London boards. Belfast, long considered as the Athens of Ireland, being at that time his head-quarters, he was prompted to engage Miss O'Neill, at a first rate salary. He was amply remunerated for this liberality, by her exertions in Belfast, Newry, Derry, &c. Her rising fame soon spread to the Irish metropolis, where the theatre as well as the manager's purse, was at a very low ebb, for at one house Henry Johnson had been obliged, in 1810, to lower the prices; whilst at Crow-street, the receipts had so completely failed, that the manager was forced to look for new recruits, and to find out novelty at least, if he could not procure excellence. Even the exertions of Mrs. Bartley, then Miss Smith, failed to fill the house; and in August, 1811, Incledon's benefit was unproductive, facts which can only be accounted for by the distresses of the time.

It was at this period that Miss O'Neill entered into an engagement with Mr. Jones, and appeared, strange as it may seem, in the character of *Widow Cheerly*. The applause that accompanied this *debut* was universal, and followed by crowded houses, who considered her fame as established in the first walk of comick characters. The Dublin publick were however even more astonished, when a short time afterwards, the illness or inattention of another actress brought her out as *Juliet*. The best testimony of publick opinion may perhaps be drawn from her overflowing benefit, on the 27th May, 1811, when she performed *Lady Townley* to Conway's Lord Townley, with *Maria*, in the farce of the *Citizen*. To those who have only seen Miss O'Neill in tragick characters, it may seem strange that she should have depended upon her comick powers for a full house; but it may seem stranger, when we enumerate a few of her characters during that season, such as the *Unknown Female* in the *Foundling of the Forest*, *Catherine*, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, for Mrs. Cooke's benefit, to Conway's *Petruchio*, together with *Desdemona*, for Conway's benefit, when he first appeared as *Othello*, in Dublin, soon

after which she undertook the arduous task of *Lady Macbeth*, in all of which she met with unrivalled success.

It is not our intention to pursue this delightful actress through all her cast of early parts, but we cannot refrain from noticing the criticisms of that day, in which it was acknowledged that, with the exception of Miss Smith, she threw every female performer, who for a long time had been seen on the Dublin stage, to an immeasurable distance, so that, whilst the absence of the one was lamented, ample consolation was felt from the presence of the other.

“In Miss Smith,” said the Hibernian critick, “we perceive studied effects of art—in Miss O’Neill, we feel the genuine effects of nature. Where terror is to be raised, the first is pre-eminent; where pity should be excited, the latter is more impressive.” After some further due praise to the excellencies of Mrs. Bartley, it was added, “that Miss O’Neill resembled the sun shining through April clouds, when that luminary bursts forth with wondrous splendour, after the atmosphere is cooled and refreshed by a fructifying shower,” and also, that “her representations excited the idea of Iris, extending her radiant bow in the heavens, a certain presage of approaching fineness.”

After three years of constant applause, Miss O’Neill directed her steps towards the summit of histrionick exertion, being engaged for the season of 1814 at Covent Garden, where she made her first *entrée* as *Juliet*, on the 6th of October, being at once recognised as the first Hibernian actress, who had joined transcendant beauty with rare histrionick talent, since the time of Mrs. Woffington.

We know not if it is true, that the dramatick taste of the city of Cork is so low, that only a month before, Miss O’Neill had been playing there to empty benches, as was then asserted; but our readers may all remember that her first appearance on the Covent Garden boards was hailed with repeated shouts and peals of applause, vindicating the taste and judgment of a London audience, whilst she did honour to herself in a most remarkable and commendable diffidence, evidently the result of modest merit, instead of that kind of stage effect, which has so often exhibited to us some *good ACTING*, on the part of the apparently timid *debutante*.

London audiences had for some time been accustomed to see *Juliet* performed, without that engaging softness, which

forms a most prominent feature of the character ; it is not surprising, therefore, that their feelings were awakened, to find this young and lovely actress performing with a softness of look and manner most inimitable, avoiding not only the excess of emotion, but also the vehemence of declamation, too often substituted for virgin fears, and all the delicacy of the chastest affection. But it is needless for us to expatiate on her powers of expression, in her indignation at the reproaches cast on *Romeo*, in her despair at his banishment, in her calm contempt of the treachery of the nurse, or in the fortitude of mind displayed, whilst preparing to encounter temporary death, with all its attendant horrors. We all remember that she performed that arduous character for six nights, to overflowing houses, when the pit and gallery were always crowded before the curtain rose, and the boxes filled before the end of the first act ; and when her entrance each night was marked by three distinct rounds of applause, five rounds of which actually hailed her, when, on the 13th of the same month, she came out in *Belvidera*.

On that occasion, she scorned to adopt that whining which too often marks the character ; nor did she adopt ranting even in her madness—but to describe is impossible ; and in that part, as well as in all others, she must be seen and heard to be fully appreciated.

That gratification was indeed afforded to the publick at large, by a summer-trip after the close of the London season, in which she seems to have made rapid histrionick progress ; for, not to mention performances in the north, we find her performing *Jane Shore* for her own benefit, on the 19th of September, 1815, at Plymouth, and on the 26th of the same month making her first appearance at Brighton, in *Mrs. Haller*, when the publick curiosity was so great, that the manager was even tempted to raise his prices of the boxes from five to seven shillings, and the pit from half a crown to London prices also, and that to crowded houses ; every night of her appearance all other publick amusements being totally deserted, and Parr and the evening concerts entirely forgotten.

On the first of October, Miss O'Neill concluded her country excursion at Brighton, after netting, as we have been told, near eight thousand pounds, and on the ensuing night she made her first appearance this season in the metropolis, as before, in the character of *Juliet*, when considerable im-

provement was discovered in her, by those who before had thought her all perfection. Her voice was found to have acquired more depth and melody, and in short, there was an universal acknowledgment of her powers: by an audience who received her, on coming forward, with the most ardent tribute of applause, which she met with such graceful thanks, that several minutes elapsed amidst the loudest peals, before the performance could proceed.

Even in her acting, in ~~some~~ passages, there was evident improvement, and it was well observed that she had discovered the true secret of bestowing superiour interest on that character, by rendering it less declamatory, less exaggerated, and therefore more natural. Her awaking from the tomb was—but we will not hazard a description of that which beggared all delineation!

Who that saw her (*Jane Shore*,) a few evenings afterwards, can forget the skill with which she rose in every scene? or who can forget the impression made by seeing her and Kemble together, for the first time, in the *Stranger*, towards the end of the month? It was indeed a subject of regret, that the cast of the play brought them not together until the close; but it has been more a subject of regret that the illness of that admired actor, immediately put a stop to the pleasure anticipated in future representations.

Can it be necessary for us to close this biography, with criticism either dramattick or personal? need we expatiate on her youth, beauty, elegance of form and manners? on her harmony of voice, her justness of comprehension, on the expression of her countenance, or the exquisite feeling with which she verifies every scene? need we point out the general effect resulting from the heightening of the illusion, by that cast of pensiveness which shines through the transparent fairness of her complexion; a pensiveness that gives effect not only to all the softer feelings of love, but also to the sterner passions which she has sometimes to express, without forbidding us to hope the presence of the most cheerful smiles, when circumstances may induce her to treat a London audience with a display of her comick powers?

This we may say, that Miss O'Neill is no copyist; she never yet has seen Mrs. Siddons; and yet, if we were to indulge in a parallel with that great actress, though there might be a difference of powers, we trust there would be no inequality.

Miss O'Neill's greatest charms certainly arise from nature, but much also evidently depends upon good sense, since we often find her striking out new beauties ; and one observation we will hazard, in comparison with all other actresses, that during her performance, we most particularly lose the consciousness of personal existence—it is not Miss O'Neill we see, but the character she is unfolding—our judgment even yields to our feelings, and criticism drops the pen !



Origin of the phrase, “ Benefit of Clergy.”

When the northern barbarians seized on the Roman conquests in Europe, the remains of literature which those brave people had diffused among their vassals, became obliterated ; and an universal darkness overspread the human mind.

The priests were the only people who knew any thing of learning ; and that was confined to the outlines of the Aristotelean philosophy, and Latin of the most barbarous sort.

Lord Littleton says, that during the reign of Henry II. the clergy had so far discouraged the study of letters, among the laity, that the nobility were made to believe that the only pursuits becoming their station were those of a military kind ; and thus warlike exercises and a spirit of chivalry, took place of all those intellectual pleasures which arise from an acquaintance with the muses. But however the nobility might despise what they did not understand ; it was natural that somewhat more than ordinary respect should be paid to those, who, in intellectual knowledge, surpassed the rest of mankind. The clergy, particularly the monks, took advantage of this, and turned it to their own account. Wherefore it became a principle in the common law of England, that no *clerk*, i. e. *priest*, should be tried for any thing criminal by the civil power.

In the reign last mentioned, this abuse had been carried to such enormous height, that a regulation was necessary to be made ; which was done in the famous council or parliament of Clarendon. Notwithstanding the salutary acts which were on this occasion passed into laws, the absence of Richard I. from his people, the pusillanimous conduct of John and his son, Henry III. furnished the monks with

a second opportunity of establishing their own authority, at the expense of the civil power. They now procured it to be enacted, that *if any person was tried for felony and found guilty, IF HE COULD READ, he was to be exempted from punishment.* This was the result of the most artful and deliberate consideration on the part of the clergy, wherein they appear to have had two things in view, highly beneficial to themselves.

First. The engrossing to their own order all those who had acquired the least knowledge of letters.

Secondly. The benefit that would accrue to themselves by teaching prisoners to read.

Of this we have a convincing proof, by the statute 27, Edw. III. cap. 4. which forbids, under very severe penalties, either clerks or others to teach a prisoner to read.

This practice had now got to such an enormous height, that few delinquents could be brought to justice; and, had it not been for the unhappy divisions which arose between the families of York and Lancaster in the succeeding century, perhaps the domineering power of the clergy would have been entirely crushed! but at that time, all things were reduced to a state of confusion; and ignorance, which had long hood-winked the understandings of mankind, became more deeply rooted than ever.

In the succeeding reign, the invention of printing led men into a free inquiry concerning disputed points, and the exercise of a more just discrimination as to matters of right and wrong, which proved ultimately successful in bringing about our happy Reformation.

As the knowledge of literature increased, the power of the clergy gradually declined; and by statute 2nd. Edw. VI. it was enacted, that no person convicted of manslaughter should claim the benefit of clergy, unless he was either a peer of the realm, or a clerk in priest's orders; nor could the convict be exempted from being burnt in the hand, unless he produced the patent of his nobility, or certificate of his ordination.

Thus we find the *benefit of the Clergy* in some manner abridged: but still it was continued in favour of those who were guilty of common felony, &c. until the 9th of James I. when it was entirely taken away from those delinquents, and provision made that no person should claim it more than once. When a prisoner claims his benefit of clergy, the form of proceeding was as follows:—The ordinary gave

the prisoner at the bar a Latin book, in a black Gothick character, to read a verse or two, and if the ordinary pronounced, *legit ut clericus*, the offender was only burnt with a hot iron on the brawn of the left thumb, and discharged; otherwise, he suffered the penalty of the law.

When our statute laws say that an offender shall suffer death without *benefit of clergy*, many people imagine that it implies he shall not have the assistance of a spiritual guide, but no such thing is intended. The meaning of the word is simply this, that the culprit shall not be entitled to any of those privileges formerly enjoyed by the clergy, and his being able to read or write, shall not in any manner exempt him from punishment.

The title “benefit of Clergy,” was never known in any other European nations; and the reason assigned for it by Cowell,* is, that their laws were mostly borrowed from the Justinian institutions, whereas those of England were founded on ancient custom.

Perhaps, still less understood than the above, is the word “CULPRIT,” which originated also in our Courts of justice. How many have tortured their brains with the derivation of this word, which is clearly a corruption of the French *qu’il paroît*? a remaining vestige of the Gallick tongue, in which our law proceedings were anciently written. The officer of the court says to the prisoner, “Guilty or not Guilty,” if the prisoner says “Guilty,” his confession is recorded; if he answers “Not Guilty,” the officer says “*Culprit*,” whereas he ought to say “*Qu’il paroît*,” i. e. make it appear, or let it appear if thou art not guilty. *Culprit* is evidently a corruption of *qu’il paroît*, which is pure French, and bids the prisoner plead for himself and make his innocence appear. Thus hath this word changed the legal sense or true reading, and a false one, which ought to be exploded, hath been admitted. *European Magazine.*



[The following extracts, copied from the Literary Panorama, are taken from Sir John Malcom’s account of Persia.]

“The men of wandering tribes delight to tell or listen to romantick tales; some of them not only make themselves masters of this art, but learn to recite verses, particularly

* Institutiones juris Anglicani.

those of Ferdosi. A great person who has cultivated this talent, enjoys a great share of the respect of his associates who frequently call upon him to amuse an idle hour, by transporting his hearers into the regions of fancy, or to excite their minds to deeds of valour, by repeating lines which celebrate the renown of their ancestors.

“ It has been already stated, that the women of the tribes of Persia who dwell in tents, are seldom veiled; their usual occupations have also been described. They are more respected than the females who dwell in cities, because they are more useful to the community, of which they form a part. They not only share the bed, but the fatigues and dangers of their husbands, and the masculine habits which they acquire, do not please, for they seem suited to their condition of life. If they are not of high rank, they perform all the domestick and menial offices of their own home; and strangers, who visit their houses and tents, are certain to receive the kindest and most hospitable welcome from them. But there is nothing in the manner of these women that can be mistaken: it is fearless, but not forward; and evidently proceeds from the consciousness of security, not the absence of shame. Though in general their complexion is dark and sun-burnt, they have sometimes, when young, a considerable share of beauty: a sense of their free condition gives lustre to their eyes, and they often add to fine features, a very graceful form. But among the lower orders of this class, their beauty is soon destroyed by hard labour, and continual exposure to the climate.

“ A Persian gentleman,* remarkable for his polished manners and the gaiety of his disposition, describes his entertainment by the females of one of these tribes, in a very natural and characteristick manner. ‘ When I arrived,’ he observes ‘ at the village of Sennah,† which is inhabited by the Turkish tribes of Khuzâl Affshâr, I was invited to take up my abode in the house of one of the chiefs of the latter, and received, while I stayed, the greatest attention from all his family; the ladies, who, according to custom, were unveiled,

* Mahomed Hussein Khan, son of the late Medhi Ali Khan, who was sent by the government of Bombay, on a mission to the Court of Persia, in A. D. 1798.

† This village is in Irak. The name is the same as the capital of Ardelan.

were particularly kind ; the daughter of my host, who was about fifteen years of age, was more beautiful than I can express. When I said that I was thirsty, she ran and brought me a cup of pure water. It was a draught from the fountain of life, brought by an angel ; but it increased, instead of extinguishing the flame which her bright, dark eyes had kindled in my breast.* After describing the pain which it gave him to depart from this dwelling, without daring to shew, even by look, the nature of that passion which he entertained for this young beauty, he very sensibly observes :—‘ A vain and uninformed man might have mistaken the manner of my fair cup-bearer ; but I had experiences of these rustick ladies, and well knew that nothing was meant, but that kindness and hospitality with which they treat all strangers, who visit their tents or houses. I believe,’ he concludes, ‘ they are virtuous beyond all other women in Persia ; and the man who should even attempt seduction, would be sacrificed to the implacable honour of their male relations.’† The habits of these females fit them for the scenes to which they are occasionally exposed. When riding near a small encampment of the Affshâr families, I expressed my doubts to a Persian noble, who was with me, regarding their reputed boldness and hardihood, and particularly of their skill in horsemanship. He immediately called to a young woman of a handsome appearance, and asked her in Turkish, if she was not a soldier’s daughter ? She said she was. ‘ And you expect to be a mother of soldiers,’ was the next observation. She smiled. ‘ Mount that horse,’ said he, pointing to one with a bridle, but without a saddle, ‘ and shew this European envoy the difference between a girl of a tribe, and a citizen’s daughter.’ She instantly sprung upon the animal, and, setting off at full speed, did not stop till she had reached the summit of a small hill in the vicinity, which was covered with loose stones : when there, she waved her hand over her head, and then came down the hill at the same rate she had ascended. Nothing could be more dangerous than the ground over which she galloped : but she appeared quite fearless, and seemed delighted at having had an opportunity of vindicating the females of her tribe, from the reproach of being like the ladies of cities.

* Mahomed Hussein Khan’s MS. Journal.

† Ibid.

“The poverty and usages of the wandering tribes, often prevent the men from marrying even the number of wives allowed by the law. Many of them have only one; and unless she is old, barren, or unfit to work, they do not marry another. The reason is, that they can seldom afford to support more than one wife; and from the liberty which the females enjoy, their quarrels, where there are several in a family, would be seriously embarrassing; and marriage, which is considered as one of the chief bonds of union between the men of a tribe, would become a constant source of discord and contention. The practice of hiring wives for a certain period, which prevails in the cities and towns of Persia, is held in abhorrence by the females of tribes; and they have frequently been known to attack priests in the most violent manner, whom they believed to have sanctioned a usage which they deem so degrading. Though we may conclude from what has been stated, that these women enjoy more freedom and consideration than the other females of Persia, they are still remote from that rank which has been assigned to the sex, among the civilized nations of Europe; they toil, while their lord-like husband spends his hours in indolence, or amusement, and are regarded more as servants than as associates. If a man of a wandering tribe has not so many wives and slaves, as the religion he professes permits, or as his brother Mahomedan of the city, it is merely as has been stated, because his poverty, or the condition of the society to which he belongs, limits his desires. The moment that his situation alters, he is prompt to riot in every species of dissipation; and the partner, who more than shares his toils, has no chance of an equal partition in any good fortune that may attend him. If he is raised to a high station, he deems an increased indulgence of his sensual appetites one of the chief pleasures of advancement: and when he becomes an inhabitant of the city, he at once adopts the customs of a citizen. His first wives, if he has more than one, are compelled to sacrifice the liberty they before enjoyed, and to endure that neglect, which is the natural consequence of his power to obtain younger and more beautiful females. Among these tribes, however, maternal claims are always respected. The mother’s influence over her son usually continues through life; and she is ready to maintain that authority, which is grounded on habit and affection, by ministering to his gratification. It is her duty

to preside over his family ; if he is rich he usually intrusts to her, not only the choice of his female partners, but their management. An anticipation of the enjoyment of this power, makes the women of Persia anxiously desire to have male children. The birth of a son is hailed with joy ; that of a daughter is always a disappointment.

“These observations on the usages of the wandering tribes, chiefly apply to those of Persian and Turkish origin. The Arabian tribes subject to Persia, who inhabit the shores of the Gulf, are more assimilated in their habits to the people from which they are derived, than to those amid whom they dwell. They continue to speak Arabick, and preserve almost all the customs of their original country. They in general dress like the inhabitants of Arabia, wearing, instead of a cap of the Persians, a light turban, and are usually covered with a flowing cloak. The manners of this race, though less rude than those of the other tribes of Persia, retain much of the wildness and independence of their ancestors.

“The diet of the Arabian tribes in Persia, is more frugal than that of any other of the inhabitants of that kingdom : it consists chiefly of dates. But what others would consider a hardship, habit, with them, has converted into an enjoyment ; and the Arab deems no food more delightful, than that, upon which he lives. Some years ago, a woman, belonging to one of the Arab families, settled at Abusheher, and had gone to England with the children of a British resident at that place. When she returned, all crowded around her to hear her report of the country she had visited. She described the roads, the carriages, the horses, the wealth, and the splendour of the cities, and highly cultivated state of the country.

“Her audience were full of envy at the condition of Englishmen, and were on the point of retiring with that impression, when the woman happened to add, that the country she had visited only wanted one thing to make it delightful. ‘What is that?’ was the general reply : ‘it has not a date tree in it,’ said she, ‘I never ceased to look for one, all the time I was there, but I looked in vain.’ The sentiments of the Arabs who had listened to her, were, in an instant, changed by this information. It was no longer envy, but pity, which they felt for men, who were condemned to live in a country, where there were no date trees.

“The Arabian tribes in Persia possess the power of flying from oppression, when they cannot resist it. The sea is always open to them, and they are accustomed to that element. Not only the islands of the Gulf, but the neighbouring territories of Turkey, and the opposite coast of Arabia, are inhabited by their brethren; and these circumstances, combined with their original habits, give a freedom of sentiment and expression to this race of men, that is very striking.”

[The following description is from the travels of *Ali Bey el Abassi*, recently published at Paris. This Ali Bey is a Spaniard, but disguised as a Persian: he has travelled over many parts of Asia and Africa; and had an opportunity of seeing some objects, which Christians were prohibited from visiting. Among these, was the immense Turkish Mosque at Jerusalem, built on the scite of Solomon's Temple, and which the Mahometans have never suffered any Jew or Christian to enter. The Building has therefore never been accurately described. It is divided into two parts, called *El Aksa* and *El Sahhara*; we shall give the account of the latter.]

“This building, by its harmony with *el Aksa*, may be considered as making a part of the same whole. It takes its name from a rock, the object of most profound veneration, which exists in the centre of this building.

“The Sahhara stands on a platform, a parallelogram of about 400 feet long from North to South, and 399 wide from East to West, raised sixteen feet above the general level of the court. The ascent to it is by eight flights of steps, two to the South, two to the North, one to the East, and three to the West. Almost in the middle of this platform, rises the magnificent edifice of the Sahhara, in form an octagon, each side measuring externally, sixty one feet.

“The Sahhara is entered by four gates: that to the south, is called *Beb el Kebla*; that to the west, is *Beb el Garb*; that to the north, is *Beb el Djenna*; that to the east, is *Beb Davoud*. *Beb el Kebla* has a handsome portico, supported by eight Corinthian columns of marble. The other gates are surmounted by ornamental wood works, suspended over them; but without columns. Over the centre of the building rises a noble spherical cupola, with two rows of large windows, looking to the court without; it is supported by

four large pillars, and twelve stately columns placed circularly.

“This central circle is surrounded by two naves forming concentrick octagons, separated by eight pillars and sixteen columns, of the same nature and size of those of the centre ; and of a beautiful brown marble. The roofs are flat ; and the whole is covered with ornaments in the most exquisite taste, with mouldings in marble, gold, &c. The capitals of these columns are of the Composite order, and entirely gilded. The columns which form the central circle, have attick bases ; those between the octagon naves are cut off at the lower part, not having even the torus or the fillet, which should terminate the shaft ; and instead of a base, they stand on a die, or cube of white marble. The proportion of these columns approaches that of the Corinthian order ; the shaft is sixteen feet in height.

“The diameter of the Cupola is about forty-seven feet ; its height ninety-three. The entire diameter of the edifice is nearly 159 feet and a half. The floor of the central circle, is three feet above those of the naves around it, and is closed by a high and magnificent grating of gilt iron. This central circle encloses the rock called *el Sakhara Allah* : which is the particular object of this stately structure, and generally that of the Haram, or Temple of Jerusalem.

“*El Hadjera el Sakhara*, or the rock of Sakhara, is a rock that rises above the ground, about thirty-three feet in diameter ; in form, the segment of a sphere. The surface of this rock is unequal, ragged, and retains its natural form. Towards the north side of it is a cleft, which tradition attributes to the violence of the Christians, who endeavoured to carry away that part of the rock which is wanting ; but it suddenly became invisible to the eyes of the infidels, and at length the true believers found the separation, in two pieces, which are now in different places.

“A true Mussulman believes, that the *Sakhara Allah* is the place where the prayers of mankind are the most acceptable to the Deity, after the House of God at Mecca. For this reason all the prophets, from the creation of the world to Mahomet, have come hither to pray ; and at this day the prophets and angels resort to pray on the rock, in troops, invisible to mortal eyes ; besides the ordinary guard of seventy thousand angels, which continually surround it, and are regularly relieved every day.

“The night in which the Prophet Mahomet was taken from Mecca by the angel Gabriel, and transported in a moment through the air to Jerusalem, on his mare *el Borak*, which has the head and bosom of a beautiful woman, a crown, and wings, the prophet, after having left *el Borak* at the door of the temple, came and performed his prayer on the *Sahhara*, among the other prophets and angels, who having saluted him most respectfully, yielded to him the place of honour.

“At the moment when the prophet stood on the *Sahhara*, the rock, sensible of its honour in supporting its holy load, shrunk, and like softened wax, received the impression of his holy feet, on its surface towards the south west. This impression is now covered by a kind of large cage of gilded wire, wrought in such a manner, that the impression cannot be seen because of the interior obscurity; but by means of an opening formed in this cage, the impression may be touched by the hand; and the believer sanctifies himself, by passing that hand over his face and beard; demonstration sufficient, that this is truly an impression of the foot of the greatest of prophets.

“The interior of the rock forms a cave, into which is a descent by a staircase on the south east. This cave is an irregular square of eighteen feet dimensions, and eight feet high in the centre. The roof is the natural irregular rock. At the foot of the stairs, there is to the right, a little frontispiece in marble, which bears the name of *el Makam Souliman*, or Solomon’s place; another frontispiece, similar to the left, is called *el Makam Davoud*, or David’s place; a cavity or niche in the rock to the south west, is called *el Makam Ibrahim*, or place of Abraham; a step semi-circular, hollow, at the angle of the north west, is called *el Makam Djibrila*, or place of Gabriel; and lastly, a kind of table in stone, at the north east angle is called *el Makam Hoder*, or place of Elijah.

“In the middle of this subteraneous chamber, the vault is pierced by a hole almost cylindrical, lanthorn-like, about three feet in diameter; this is the place of the Prophet.

“The rock is surrounded by a defence of wood about elbow high, and above, at five or six feet higher is a curtain of silk, in bands alternately red and green, hanging all over the rock by means of columns. According to so much as I could discern, especially of the interior of the cave, this rock seemed to be of fine marble, in colour white, inclining to reddish.

“Near to it, on the north, is seen in the pavement a square of green marble, beautifully veined, about fifteen inches square, fixed by four or five gilt nails: ‘this is, they say, the gate of Paradise. Several other holes shew that it was formerly fixed by a greater number of nails; which were torn away by the devil when he was determined on entering Paradise: but in this attempt he was disappointed, not being able to detach the nails, which yet remain.

“The Sahhara has a wooden gallery for the singers, supported by several small columns. I there saw a Koran, the leaves of which are nearly four feet in length, and more than two feet and a half in width. Tradition affirms that it belonged to Caliph Omar; but I saw another like it, in the great Mosque at Cairo, named *el Azahas*, and another at Mecca, to which the same origin was assigned.

“The exterior of the Sahhara is incrustated with different kinds of marble to about half its height; the remainder is faced with small bricks, or tiles, of various colours and very pretty. The windows are furnished with beautiful painted glass, in arabesque patterns; there are five great windows on each side of the octagon.

“The Sahhara is the place of prayer for the followers of the rite *Haneffi*, which includes the Turks; *el Aksa* is the place of those of the rite *Schaffi*; the rites *Hanbéli* and *Maleki* have other places.

“Outside of the Sahhara eastward, at the distance of three or four paces, fronting the gate *Beb Davoud*, is a handsome oratory: the roof has eleven sides resting on eleven antique columns, of calcareous breccia, the most valuable that can be conceived of; their general colour is a reddish grey. In the centre of the oratory is a small cupola, supported by six columns placed in a circle, equal in every thing to the former. I consider these columns, as well as those within the Sahhara, as remains of the ancient temple of Solomon. In this oratory is a niche, where prayer is made: it is esteemed particularly sacred, because tradition considers it as *el Mehkemé Davoud*; the Tribunal of David.

“North west of the Sahhara, at three or four paces, is another small oratory, composed of six columns supporting a cupola, called *Cobba Dijibrilo*, or place of Gabriel. Another, larger, to the west of this, supported by eight columns, is named *Cobbât em Mearasch*, or *Cobbat en Nebi*, i. e. of the Prophet. North east of this last is the *Cobba*

Behhinbehhinn, a small square house which contains one of the pieces of the rock Sahhara, cut away by the Christians, and rendered invisible to them. Not far off northward of the Cobba of Gabriel, is a small cupola on six columns, called *Cobbat el Arouâah*, or of the spirit; lastly, against an angle which overlooks the flight of Stairs at the north west, is placed another cupola smaller, resting on six columns, to which is given the name of *Cobbat el Hhoder*, or of Elias.

“On the south west angle of the platform of the Sahhara, is an edifice containing three or four rooms, which are used as store chambers, for containing oil for the lamps of the temple.

“Between this store house and the principal steps of the Sahhara leading from the Aksa, is the Monbar, or pulpit for preaching from on publick fast days. This structure is interesting, on account of the great number of small antique columns which adorn it.

“Between the Monbar and the principal stairs, is a niche from which the Iman directs the prayers, on such publick days; lastly, between this Monbar and the oil store houses, is a small roof supported by two columns, called Mary’s place.

“On the western side of the platform of the Sahhara, are two small rooms, in which two, the most learned doctors of the law sit, to give publick consultations.

“On the north are five small houses, each of which has a portico of three small arches; they serve as dwellings for poor students, who lead a life of retirement, continually occupied in reading and meditation.

“On the eastern side are privies; on the rest of the platform are the margins of several cisterns.

“I have already noticed eight flights of stairs which lead to the platform of the Sahhara. The upper part of each of those toward the south is crowned with an insulated frontispiece of four arches, resting on columns and pillars; the frontispiece of the eastern stairs is supported by five arches: those to the north, have each five arches; those to the west have also each four arches; that on the same side, near the oil stores, has no such ornament.

“It is believed, that the frontispiece composed of four arches, above the principal flight of stairs which leads from the Aksa, is the spot where is fixed, though invisibly, *el*

Miza, or the eternal balance, in which will be weighed the good and the bad actions of every man, at the day of judgment.

“ A small railing runs all round the whole platform of the *Sahhara*.

“ On the outside, north west, are several small houses, attached to the platform, serving as dwellings to the people employed in the temple.

“ On the east side of the great court of the temple, attached to the city wall, is a hall about twenty-one feet in length, by fourteen in width, the bottom of which is ornamented with several cloths of different colours ; this is said to be the place where stood the throne of *Solomon*.

“ Following the wall to the east, is a staircase which leads to a small window at a certain height ; here is a portion of reversed column, which is partly out of the window, above the deep precipice over the torrent *Cedron*, and in front of the Mount of Olives. This is supposed to be the place where is fixed the *sirat*, or invisible bridge, sharper than the sabre's edge, over which the faithful will glide with the rapidity of lightning, to enter into Paradise ; while unbelievers who attempt to pass it, will fall from thence to hell.

“ On the south west angle of the platform of the *Sahhara*, is a square chapel, named *Cobba Moussa*, or the chapel of *Moses*.

“ The cisterns are supplied with rain water, from which the water-carriers of the city supply the publick.”



French Works in 1815.

The number of works on various subjects that has appeared in France during the year 1815, is 674. Our readers may recollect, that formerly it approached, or even exceeded 1000. The distribution of the subjects has been as follows : Several of the works are new editions.

	No. of works.
Natural History - - - - -	7
Botany - - - - -	12
Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Pharmacy -	12
Physiology, Medicine, Surgery - - -	47
Mathematical Science - - - - -	20
Astronomy - - - - -	4
Arts and Manufactures - - - - -	13

	No. of works.
Commerce - - - - -	11
Finances - - - - -	13
Rural and domestick Economy - - - - -	17
Military art - - - - -	16
Marine - - - - -	7
Forests, Bridges, Roads - - - - -	4
Geography and Topography - - - - -	35
Travels - - - - -	13
History - - - - -	57
Biography - - - - -	44
Political Economy - - - - -	84
Jurisprudence, Legislation - - - - -	26
Instruction, Education - - - - -	22
Philosophy - - - - -	6
Religion - - - - -	4
Fine Arts - - - - -	36
Poetry - - - - -	33
Novels and Romances - - - - -	27
Theatrical - - - - -	16
Literature, Bibliography - - - - -	26
Numismatics - - - - -	1
Free Masonry - - - - -	2
Musick - - - - -	17
Miscellaneous works - - - - -	12
Study of Languages - - - - -	18
Journals - - - - -	3
Almanacks - - - - -	4

—674

New Works.

Observations of a Russian during a residence in England of ten months ; of its laws, manufactures, customs, habits, vices, commercial and civil polity, &c. ; translated from the original manuscript of OLOFF NAPEA, ex officer of cavalry.

Travels of Ali Bey, in Morocco, in Tripoli, Cyprus, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Turkey, between the years 1803 and 1807, written by himself and translated into English. The work will make two volumes quarto, illustrated by about one hundred plates. It is now known that this Ali Bey is a Spaniard disguised. The work loses some of its interest on this account, but is still an interesting one.

Among the works recently published in France, is one entitled *Le Pâtissier pittoresque* : a treatise on *Picturesque pastry*. It contains one hundred and twenty-five plates; presenting various designs for embellishing the table, &c. &c.!!

The history of the Mahometan Empire in Spain, containing a general history of the Arabs, their Institutions, Conquests, Literature, Arts, Sciences, and Manners, to the expulsion of the Moors. Designed as an introduction to the Arabian Antiquities. By J. C. Murphy. Architect. With a map, shewing the principal conquests of the Arabs under Khalifs, or successors of Mahomet. 4to. 1l. 15s.

The Arabian antiquities of Spain, consisting of one hundred engravings, executed in the best manner, by the first artists, from drawings made on the spot, by the Author, representing the most remarkable remains of the Spanish Arabs, now existing in the Peninsula, including their gates, castles, fortresses, and towers—courts, halls, and domes—baths, fountains, wells, and cisterns—inscriptions in Cufick and Asiatick characters—porcelain and enamel mosaicks, paintings and sculptured ornaments, &c. accompanied by descriptions. By James Cavanagh Murphy, Architect, author of the description of Batalha. Large Folio. Price, 40 guineas, half bound.

The Representative History of Great Britain and Ireland; comprising a history of the House of Commons, and of the Counties, Cities, and Boroughs of the United Kingdom, dedicated to the Hampden Society. By T. H. B. Oldfield. 5 vols.

Mr. Ricardo has published an able pamphlet, on the means of providing an economical and secure currency. His proposal is, that, to prevent the rise of paper above the value of bullion, the bank should be obliged to deliver uncoined gold or silver at the mint, and standard price, in exchange for their notes, instead of the delivery of guineas; and that they should also be obliged to give their paper in exchange for standard gold, at the price of 3l. 17s. per ounce; the quantity demanded or sold not to be less than 20 ounces. Mr Ricardo shews the effect this would have, in keeping the value of notes and of bullion equal.

[In the dearth of more sanguinary conflicts, the English newspapers have attempted to gain the attention of their readers by ridicule of the political characters of the day. This warfare is principally waged in the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Courier*; on the administration by the former, and against the opposition by the latter. Many of these attacks are disgustingly coarse and scurrilous, and of late we think those of the *Courier* exhibit the most wit. The papers for April contain a series of these effusions under the name of English Melodies. We have selected some of these that are the least objectionable on the score of decency, and the most fortunate in their parody.]

ENGLISH MELODIES.

“It has been a subject of national reproach that the *English* have no national songs. Every body knows that the Irish and the Scotch have, by their National Melodies, just published, added to *their* reputation and to *our* humiliation, and even the Jews have of late found a *David* in Lord Byron, who has endeavoured to place them in the same scale (of the *gamut* at least) with their Christian neighbours.

“A *patriotick* society of English individuals have determined, as far as in them lies, to retrieve our national character; and to enter the lists with the Irish, Scotch, and Hebrew Melodists.

“A person of the name of Milbourne, was said by Dryden to be the *fairest of criticks*, because he published his own verses with those of his antagonists; and left the publick to judge of the merit of the two productions. We, too, are ambitious of the praise of fair criticism, and shall, in the same spirit, exhibit to our readers the works, which our Society undertakes to imitate, previously to our laying before them our own performances on the same model. An impartial publick will decide between the rival compositions; and our publication will be so far, at least, assured of success, that one half of it will be of acknowledged merit.

“We shall begin (which may be called taking the *Bull* by the horns) with one of the celebrated Irish Melodies.

SONG.

The words by T. Moore, Esq. the musick arranged by Sir J. Steventson.

Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove;
 When my dream of life from morn till night
 Was love—still love!
 New hopes may bloom,
 New days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam;
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As Love's young dream!
 Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As Love's young dream.

Tho' the hard to purer joys may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
 Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last—
 He'll never meet,
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And at every close she blush'd to hear
 The one loved name.

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first love trac'd;
 Still, it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste!
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed;
 'Twas morning's winged dream,
 'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream;
 Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

IMITATED.

The words by John Calcraft, Esq. the musick by C. W. W. Wynne, Esq.

Oh! the time is past, when *Quarter-day*
 My cares would chase;
 When all in life that made me gay
 Was place—still place:

New hopes may bloom,
 New offers come,
 Of surer, higher pay—
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As *Quarter-day* !
 Oh ! there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As *Quarter-day*.

II.

Tho' I sit and vote with *Peter Moore*,
 Since all hope's past ;
 Tho' I win from those who *cough'd* before,
 A cheer at last :
 So sweet a cheer
 I ne'er shall hear
 From *Opposition* throats,
 As when first I caught the *Speaker's* eye,
 And, big with notes,
 Moved the Committee of Supply
 On *Ordnance votes* !

III.

Oh ! never shall from memory fleet,
 Dear *Palace-yard* !*
 Yet fancy haunts the envied seat
 Of *Robert Ward*.
 I triumph'd there
 But *half-a year*,
 And touch'd but *half the pay* !
 But, oh !—I ne'er may touch it more
 For half a-day ;
 Alas ! I ne'er may touch it more
 For half a-day !

W.

“ We to-day present our readers with one of Lord *Byron's* Hebrew Melodies, which for vigour of language, ease of versification, and magnificence of idea, is one of the most admirable lyric compositions in modern poetry. Anxious, however, to fulfil our engagement with the publick, we have not feared to enter the lists even with this excellent performance, and we trust that our ‘ *Debate on the Navy Estimates*,’ will not be found unworthy our model. We are not authorized, much as we admire his work, to state the imitator's name ; but, from the ingenious diffi-

* The Ordnance Office, which is now in *Pall Mall*, was before in *Palace-yard*.

dence which such a silence implies, many of our readers will suspect him to be the Honourable Mr. WILLIAM HENRY LITTELTON, a gentleman who inherits at once the talents and modesty of his family.

“*Ingenui vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris !*”

THE DESTRUCTION OF SEMNACHERIB.

I.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his Cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Gallilee.

II.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
The host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

III.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he past ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

IV.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

VI.

And the Widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the Temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

DEBATE ON THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

I.

Old TIERNEY came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his phalanx of voters was boasting and bold ;
And the noise of their cheering resembled the roar,
As you shoot London Bridge, when the tide is half o'er.

II.

Like the rose-bush of summer, all budding and green,
Their hopes, while the question was putting, were seen ;
But, in two hours contest, so blighted and shorn,
The bud was all gone ; there remain'd but the thorn.

III.

For the breath of the Ocean came strong on the blast ;
And bung'd up the eyes of old GEORGE as it pass'd :
And the hopes of his Party began to grow chill,
And their hearts quaked with sorrow, their voices were still.

IV.

And there lay black BROOM with his nostrils all wide,
But though they there curl'd, it was not with pride ;
And the froth of grey BENNET lay light on the turf,
And the mouth-piece of WYNNE foam'd with anger and surf.

V.

And there, LAMBTON lay, more than commonly pale ;
And there ugly BOB, with a face like a tail ;
HARRY MARTIN awoke ; even NEWPORT was dumb ;
And BARING look'd almost as frightful as B——M.

VI.

And the waiters at BROOKS's are loud in their wail ;
And mute is the Holland-House-Temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Party, in spite of big words,
Hath melted like snow, both in *Commons* and *Lords*.

“The Leader's Lament,” which we lay before our readers, in this Number, is a happy imitation of the following lines, which have within this day or two appeared, entitled “Fare thee well,” and attributed to the pen of Lord BYRON ; and we think we may venture to say, that though our imitation does not crawl servilely on all fours, it possesses almost as much tenderness and pathos as the original ;—

FARE THEE WELL.

Fare thee well ! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare *thee well*—
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.—
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er can'st know again ;
Would that breast by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could shew ?
Then thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so—
Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's wo—
Though my many faults defaced me ;
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound ?
Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away ;
Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.—
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead,
Both shall live—but every morrow
Wake us from a widow's bed.—
And when thou would'st solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say—"Father!"
Though his care she must forego ?
When her little hand shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is prest—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love had bless'd.
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see—
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me—

All my faults—perchance thou knowest—
 All my madness—none can know ;
 All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
 Whither—yet with *thee* they go—
 Every feeling hath been shaken,
 Pride—which not a world could bow—
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now.—
 But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still ;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.
 Fare thee well !—thus disunited—
 Torn from every nearer tie—
 Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted—
 More than this I scarce can die.

THE LEADER'S LAMENT.

By the Right Honourable G—P—Y.

Fare ye well—and if for Easter—
 Still for Easter fare ye well—
 Till the call ye now released are,
 'Gainst the Serjeant none rebel—

On those seats no longer snore ye,
 Seats so often filled by you,
 While that placid sleep came o'er ye
 Which my speeches lull'd ye to.

Would, before the Session's over,
 That the house could hear me through,
 Then at last they might discover
 'Tis not well to *snouch* me so.

If *ye* do not chuse to cheer me,
Ye, who my adherents are,
 Why, in silence can't ye hear me ?
 Why cry " Question " at the bar ?

Though I may grow rather prozy,
 Though my jokes fall flat and dead,
 Why must you, the first, get dozy ?
 Why, the first, go home to bed ?

Yet—oh yet—yourselves deceive not—
Though it be a bore to stay,
Thus to treat your Chief, believe not,
Can to office pave the way.

Still those Ministerial faces
Grin at *us*—still *ours* look blue—
And —— our curse!—they keep their places
Still, whate'er we say or do.

Then when “aye” they loudly hollow
Will ye stoutly echo “No!”—
And are all prepared to follow
When I to the lobby go?

If my rival BROUGHAM should press ye,
Listen not to him, I pray—
Will ye sorely thus distress me?
Poor old SNOUCH thus turn away?

Should his speeches e'er resemble
Those which you have heard from me—
Well the Government might tremble
Two such Orators to see.

All my jokes—you know but too well—
All my dulness—none can know—
But our common hopes to do well,
Wither—if you treat me so.

All our confidence is shaken,
One may come, but many go;—
By METHUEN join'd—by LEECH forsaken—
E'en BANKES begins to smoke us now.

But 'tis done—debates are idle—
Speeches from me are vainer still;
And Members whom no places bridle,
Must play the truant, when they will.

Then fare ye well!—thus disunited
Like you, was never party seen—
Nor coughed—and quizzed—and sneered—and slighted,
Like me has any leader been.

"We this day offer to the Publick, an imitation, by Mr. DUDLEY NORTH, of one of Mr. MOORE's most celebrated Melodies.

"Mr. NORTH, (to whom even political prejudice cannot deny true wit and refined taste,) felt that it would be presumptuous to attempt to rival the sweetness of expression and tenderness of thought which flow through this delightful song; he has therefore substituted for the vows of a lover, the paternal remonstrance of a wise old politician to a giddy young one. It is however unlucky that, of *advice*, as of religion, it may be said, that those who happen to be most in want of it, are of all men, the least capable of understanding it.

"In one point, we venture to believe that Mr. NORTH is at least equal to his model; as the introduction of his talented * and venerable friend, Mr. PONSONBY, instead of the Sun-flower, is surely 'a glorious emendation,' as Doctor JOHNSON says, 'which places the copyist almost on a level with the original author.'

I.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms
Like fairy-gifts, fading away!
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

II.

It is not, while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her God, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

* *Talented*, an Irish expression, equivalent to the English word *clever*.

IMITATED.

To P. M——, M. P.

I.

Believe me when all those ridiculous airs
 Which you practice so pretty to day,
 Shall vanish by age, and thy well twisted hairs
 Like my own, be both scanty and grey.
 Thou wilt still be a goose, as a goose thou hast been,
 (Tho' a fop and a fribble no more)
 And the world which has laugh'd at the fool of *eighteen*,
 Will laugh at the fool of *three-score*.

II.

'Tis not while you wear a short coat of light brown,
 Tight breeches and neckcloth so full,
 That the *absolute blank* of a mind can be shewn,
 Which time will but render more dull:
 The fool, who is truly so, never forgets,
 But still fools it on to the close;
 As PONSONBY leaves the debate, when he sets,
 Just as dark as it was when he rose.

R.

HISTORICAL RESEARCHES,

By Sir Gilbert Heathcote.

* Mirvan the Arab Chief of old,
 In Council prompt, in battle bold,
 † For that mankind he did surpass
 Was called *Mesopotamia's* ass.
 Mark then how much our whigs outshine
 The glories of the Arabian line!
 Of Caliphs the redoubted host
One ass and *one alone*, could boast;
 While here so rich is our display
 Of *Talent* in each kind of way:—
 Of Genius such is our provision
 That none but *Tellers in division*,
 Can number as the party passes,
 The list of *opposition asses*.

* See Gibbon's Decline and Fall, chap. 52.

† "For that" is here used Gilbertice, for "*Because*." The particle "*For*" is a great favourite with the worthy Baronet, being often used by him *elegantiae gratia*, in cases in which strictly speaking, it is perhaps redundant. As for example, "Mr. Speaker, I will not presume *For* to say"—Sir, I should very much wish *for* to know—and the like. The worthy Baronet also rejoices as much in the particle "*That*," as a latin verb does in the genitive case; and he employs it with pe-